

# A Mother's Musical Magic

By Nina Belsan

Of the many sounds that tease our senses during the holiday season, music is the most pervasive.

Musak accompanies us down the aisles of department stores as we shop and around our desks as we work. Our car radios relay the message that there's no place like home for the holidays and that good will toward men is still on the top ten. "Sleigh bells ring" and we can't help but listen.

But there is one kind of music some of us associate with the holidays that is not pleasant; it does not convey peace on earth and quite frankly all but destroyed my holiday joy. That kind of music arrived on the scene when the college kid came home, bringing with him those tapes I thought had found new ears to deafen.

His own stereo is at school but his sister has her own now, a present from Santa who was silly enough to think that the Electric Light Orchestra couldn't strike twice in the same place.

Unfortunately, there is no possible way a turkey can be stuffed to the strains of Pink Floyd. Moreover, the stuffer becomes so inflamed with the violence of the music, that she brutalizes the stuffer. The frenetic music disposes hand and mind to follow suit and the result is too much salt in the



mashed potatoes and not enough cinnamon in the apple pie.

The aboriginal cadences overcome the cook, affecting not only her psychomotor parts but her speech as well. So that, when asked why dinner isn't ready she'll reply "Tough," with missing a beat.

Rhythm is the only constant in the music that mesmerizes today's youth. Meaning and melody are incidental to the overpowering beat that pervades the college dorms and the homes of the nation. But the tempo they find perfect to study by is too fast to stuff a turkey by, too fast to type by, too fast to paint a ceiling by and too fast to thread a needle by. In short, it's not good for much of anything except to frazzle nerves by.

The inherent characteristics of rock and roll which by all rights should be called rack and maul (as in torture), are bad enough but become worse when the volume is turned to crescendo and the plaster on the newly painted ceiling starts to crack. Their hearing, perfect in the sixth grade, deteriorates by the eighth, so that they "can't hear the

music" unless it breaks the crystal on the dining room table.

During this difficult time, those ancient hipsters, the parents, have little recourse but to rock and roll with the punches of soft, hard, country, acid and punk, hoping that the stereo will break in the process.

There is, however, another solution to the musical catastrophe that assails some households during the holidays. Beethoven and Bach may not be on the top ten but some of us still have their records.

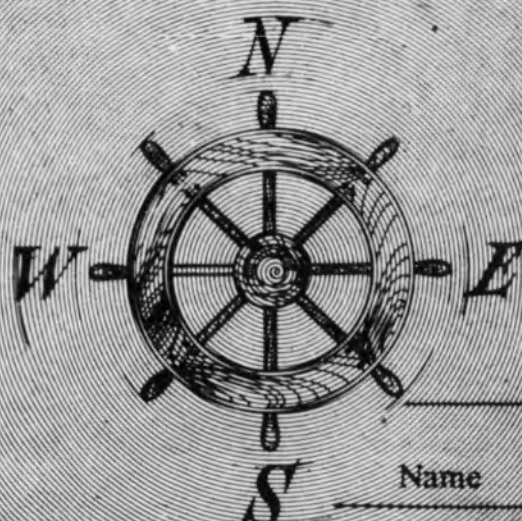
To be kind, we start with an hour of soft Strauss and ease into country Dvorak. By the time we finish with acid Wagner and punk Bartok, they have the nervous twitches and we have dinner on time and the satisfaction that some music hath charms to prove the average feast tastes better when cooked in the classical manner. . . with the stuffing in the bird and the pumpkin in the pie.



With another day done, Consuelo Hallorn, a sophomore at CHS preps to go home. (Photo by Greg Derr)

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